

IN MEMORIAM.

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JOHN N. NORTON.

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*Louisville, Ky. Christ Church Cathedral.*

*In Memoriam.*

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REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D. D..

LATE ASSOCIATE RECTOR CHRIST CHURCH,  
LOUISVILLE.

*"Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints."*



BY THE WARDENS AND VESTRY OF THE PARISH IN GRATEFUL  
LOVE TO GOD FOR THE EXAMPLE OF THIS,  
HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT.

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JOHN P. MORTON AND COMPANY.

A. D. 1881.



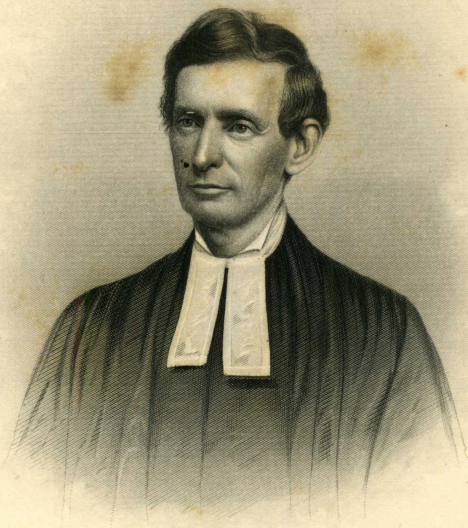
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"Champion of Jesus!—man of God,  
Servant of Christ, well done!  
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,  
Thy red-cross crown is won!

"Champion of Jesus! on that breast  
From whence thy fervor flow'd,  
Thou hast obtain'd eternal rest—  
The bosom of thy God!"

BRYDGES.





Engraved by J. C. Buttre.

*John N. Norton*

REV. JOHN N. NORTON, D. D.

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## REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

It is well for the living to remember the virtues of the noble dead who have finished their earthly pilgrimage, for the memory of their good deeds incites those who are left behind to follow in their footsteps. Actuated by such feelings, the Vestry of Christ Church publish this brief Memorial in testimony of the great worth and exalted character of their late Associate Rector, the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D.

We believe that those who, impelled by the love of Christ, have labored most for their fellow-men deserve the highest eulogy and praise, and judged by this standard, the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON stands almost peerless among the men of his day and generation.

A faithful and indefatigable soldier of Christ, his whole life was devoted to His service, and he seemed to be the very genius and embodiment of faith and charity, and the loved Minister alike of the rich and poor, the ignorant and the cultured.

His daily walk, was, where distress and poverty most abounded, and his greatest happiness lay, in drying the tears of the afflicted and bringing them into the fold of our Blessed Redeemer.

In his pulpit discourses he spoke to the hearts of the people, and his published sermons, so widely circulated, are now read by thousands, and have brought comfort and consolation to hundreds of Christian families. Take him all in all, it will be long before we see his like again, and we do not believe that ever before, the city of Louisville has sustained so great a loss in the death of any individual citizen.



his residence in Frankfort, he was the Rector of Ascension Church, a Professor in Dr. Lloyd's school, besides being engaged for a short time at the Kentucky Military Institute. Dr. NORTON was a man of untiring energy, and while engaged in his parochial work at Frankfort, found time to establish missions at Georgetown, Versailles, and other points in that vicinity. Since his removal to Louisville he has established the Church of Our Merciful Saviour, for colored people, and St. Stephen's Mission in Germantown, besides assisting largely in the support of other missions in the city. Being a man of large means, his income has been almost entirely devoted to charitable purposes, and many poor families in this city will sadly miss the assistance he always so willingly gave. He was considered as eccentric, but all of his eccentricities were of a harmless nature, and most of them grew from his unwillingness to believe that some of the many applications made to him for aid were from unworthy persons.

While teaching at the English School, he married Miss Sutton, of Lexington, one of his pupils, and daughter of a prominent citizen of that place.

His life has been a very useful one. He was universally beloved by all who knew him, his kindliness, affability, and benevolence making him one of the most agreeable of friends and the most devoted of Pastors. Probably the most striking trait of his character was his great liberality and benevolence toward the poor, and in this respect he was the ideal parish Minister. His deeds of unostentatious charity and of kindness to the suffering, will cause his name to be blessed among the down-trodden and unfortunate of this great city long after his mortal remains have moldered away. Acts of benevolence he seemed to consider his first duty as Pastor, and well did he perform that duty. He went out into the byways and alleys, into all the dark corners of the town, sought out the poor and afflicted and administered to their necessities. His wife is a lady of considerable wealth, so Dr. NORTON threw aside all solicitude as to his own personal subsistence, and devoted the whole of his salary to charitable and mission work, in which he was constantly assisted by his no less charitable helpmate. His active benevolence was really the cause of his death, as the fatigue and exposure he underwent in looking after the poor during this severe weather brought on the malady which caused his death.

A few years ago he began a series of Friday night lectures at Christ Church, and soon succeeded in commanding a large attendance. On the first Sunday night in each month it was his custom to deliver a sermon to children, and these sermons were so simple and entertaining that the Church was always filled with little ones on such occasions.

He published a large number of books, principally sermons. For the last five years he has issued a volume of sermons every year. His chief works are, "Every Sunday," "Warning and Teaching," "The King's Ferry-boat," "Short Sermons," "Milk and Honey," "Lives of Pioneer Missionaries Phelps and



Nash," "Rockford Parish," "Full Proof of the Ministry," "Boy Trained to the Ministry," "Lives of the Bishops." "Lives of the Bishops" is an extensive work, comprising biographies of Cranmer, Laud, Berkeley, Bowen, Freeman, Provoost, Stewart, and Wilson. He also wrote short lives of Washington, Franklin, and others. Probably his most popular work was the "King's Ferry-boat," which was a book of sermons to children. His latest volumes were "Old Paths," and another compilation of sermons issued during last year. His characteristics as a writer are clearness, ease, and grace of diction, and a wealth of anecdote and illustration, mingled with a quaint and quiet humor which made his works readable and interesting.

Dr. NORTON's father was a minister, and his brother, who now resides at Alexandria, is one of the most learned of the Virginia clergy.

The following extract from "A Tribute from a Friend," which appeared in the *Courier-Journal*, is here inserted:

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

At six o'clock yesterday morning the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON expired at his residence in this city, in the sixty-first year of his age.

The announcement of his death will carry sorrow and sadness to many a heart in Kentucky and elsewhere, for throughout his long and eventful life he was always the friend and helper of the disconsolate, the sorrowing, and the suffering.

His liberality was almost boundless and his labors for others unceasing; but above all his great and constant aim was to do the work of his Lord and Master. For nearly twenty years we have known him intimately and well, for we had the happiness to be under his ministrations both in Frankfort and Louisville, and therefore can well appreciate his purity of life and his ceaseless and untiring efforts in behalf of the Holy Gospel of Christ. . . . .

Before we knew Mr. NORTON we chanced to be in Frankfort in the year 1855, the guest of Gov. John J. Crittenden. One evening while standing with him at his front door a modest-looking young gentleman passed us, when the Governor remarked, "There goes a man who has not one cent in his pocket." As the young man who passed us had every appearance of a gentleman well to do, we turned to the Governor in some surprise and asked what induced him to make such a remark. His reply was, "That is Mr. NORTON, the Episcopal minister, and if he had any money this morning he has found out some distressed person by this time who he thought needed it more than himself and has doubtless given it away." A volume



could not express a greater eulogy than this. Would to God that there were more men like him. . . . .

When we heard of what at first seemed to us his untimely death we felt a pang of sorrow and anguish, but upon a moment's reflection we felt that our loss was his gain, for we firmly believe that, free from pretense and guile and sinless as mortal man can be, he has passed to the companionship of the blessed departed.

When John the Baptist, while in prison, heard of the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples unto Him and asked, "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?" and it was then that our blessed Saviour, in His reply, asserted, among other things, in evidence of His divine mission, "And the poor have the Gospel preached to them;" and if any man was ever the preacher and benefactor of the poor, that man was JOHN N. NORTON.

A pure and noble spirit has left its earthly tenement, but its destiny is happiness eternal.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty, prompt to every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to higher worlds and led the way."

#### WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN.

A meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen was immediately summoned to take action and make all necessary arrangements. At this meeting the following resolutions were adopted:

At a meeting of the Vestry of Christ Church, January 18th, called in consequence of the death of Rev. Dr. NORTON, which occurred at his residence in this city at six o'clock on the morning of the same day, the following resolutions were passed, expressive of their esteem and affection, and as a sense of their great bereavement:

*Resolved*, That it is with sad and sorrowing hearts that we, the Vestry of Christ Church, announce to the people of this Parish and the State the death of our beloved Associate Rector, the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D., whose whole life was so beautiful an illustration of Christian benevolence and charity. We bear grateful testimony to his high discharge of pastoral duty and point with thankfulness to the multitude whom his ministrations have led into the fold of Christ, showing how well, as messenger, watchman, and steward of the Lord,



he "taught and premonished, fed and provided for the Lord's family, and sought for Christ's sheep which are dispersed abroad."

That while his great services in the cause of Christ will be ever treasured in remembrance, and though we know it will be hard indeed to find another to fill his place, yet it is consolation to know that the memory of his good deeds will survive him, inciting those who come after to follow his noble example.

To know if he was loved, ask those whose tears he dried, whose nakedness he clothed, whose hunger he satisfied, whose cold and comfortless hearths he made bright; and would ye know his reward, remember Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

That we tender to his bereaved widow and daughter our profoundest sympathy in their hour of affliction, and yet we feel assured that he has merely been translated from an earthly to the celestial home of the blessed and happy, where some day he will stand ready to enfold in his arms the loved ones who will follow in his footsteps.

That, as a testimonial of our love and affection for our deceased rector, we will attend his funeral in a body, and our secretary will enter these proceedings upon the records of the Church and furnish the family of our deceased brother with a copy of the same.

HENRY W. BARRET,  
*Secretary of the Vestry.*

#### THE FUNERAL.

Three o'clock Thursday, the 20th, was the time fixed for the Order of the Burial of the Dead. During the entire day, but particularly in the afternoon, the rain fell in torrents, which, with the melted snow and mud which had accumulated, made the sidewalks almost impassable. Notwithstanding the fearful weather Christ Church was filled with a congregation such as is rarely seen in this city. The rich and poor alike crowded the aisles and pews; white and black, old and young, the lame and blind, gray-haired men and women, and little children, assembled to pay the last sad tribute of love and respect to one whose love and care for them had been the master motive of a noble life. It was noticeable that there were persons in the Church of every denomination and creed, and one of the most touching incidents of the services was the placing of a beautiful floral tribute on the chancel steps by one whose religious belief could not have been more utterly at variance with those of the deceased.



At three o'clock the Rt. Rev. T. U. Dudley, D.D., Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, and the Rev. Drs. Craik, Perkins, and Sheild, and the Rev. Messrs. Tschiffely, Benton, Minnigerode, Barnwell, Waller, Helm, Freeman, McCready, Maycock, and Anderson came from the Vestry-room and proceeded to the door of the Church, where the coffin was received and the Burial Service of the Church was begun. Preceding the pallbearers, the Bishop repeated the solemn sentences of the Service, and the procession moved toward the chancel. The coffin was borne by the members of Christ Church Vestry, consisting of the following gentlemen: William Cornwall, sr., John M. Robinson, John B. Smith, W. George Anderson, Henry W. Barret, S. B. Churchill, W. C. Tyler, W. C. Hite, D. P. Faulds, John B. Bangs, Thomas P. Jacob, and A. A. Quarrier. The coffin having been deposited at the foot of the chancel steps, the choir sang the Burial Chant and the Bishop read the lesson appointed for the Service. The hymn "Asleep in Jesus" was then sung, and the Apostle's Creed and Prayers were said. Mrs. Davison then sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," and the Bishop announced that the Service would be concluded at the grave.

As the body was being borne from the Church the choir sang a portion of Cherubini's Requiem Mass. The service was very impressive, and there was hardly an eye in the Church that had not been dimmed with tears. The little children, who crowded about the chancel from whence it had been their wont to listen to the words of wisdom and advice so lovingly given by their departed friend, sat with awed faces and wondering eyes, as if it were impossible to realize that his last word had been spoken, and that they should never see him again.

At the Church door the faces of those who came out told how deeply they had been moved. A gentleman standing near was heard to remark, "This attendance at Dr. NORTON's funeral is a commentary on his life. People of every class are here, and a large number of them the poor and neglected. His life has been devoted unceasingly to charitable works, and no one will ever be followed to the grave with more genuine sorrow than he."

The boys from the Orphanage were present. The congregation of



the Church of the Merciful Saviour, a colored Church which was founded and supported by Dr. NORTON, were assigned to the west side of the Church. It is said that they will feel the loss of their kind benefactor more keenly than the congregation of Christ Church, for it was he who stood by them in their hour of distress, when their spirits drooped and it seemed almost impossible for them to succeed in building their church. Dr. NORTON went to their assistance, and with his own means placed them on a solid basis, and has ever since been their friend, and they loved him deeply for the interest he took in their spiritual welfare.

After the services at the Church were concluded, the grief-stricken assemblage took up its line of March to Cave Hill through the drenching rain, to consign all that there was mortal of the loved friend and instructor to the cold and cheerless grave. The commitment was performed by Bishop Dudley. Considering the weather, no larger outpouring ever followed the remains of a loved one to the city of the dead.

Immediately after the services at the grave were ended, the Clergy assembled at the Episcopal rooms and adopted the following

#### MINUTE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D., Associate Rector of Christ Church; we, deeply impressed by the loss which his Parish and the community mourn, with thankful recognition of the good example of his life and death, desire to record our testimony to the purity of his character and the active beneficence of his life. Self-consecrated from his earliest years, he never at any period seemed to think of any other vocation than the Ministry of the Church, of which he was an hereditary member. Ordained as early as the laws of the Church would allow, his very life was in the things which belonged to his engagement with God. As much as if not more than any one we have known, he seemed to have surpassing sympathy with those who were furthest removed from his own affluent circumstances, scholarly culture, and singular refinement. The virtue of being a preacher of the Gospel to the poor he made his own, and that to such a degree that while his distinguished position in the Church and with the community brought him into contact with the highest and most refined, his name is associated in all men's minds with the ungodly, whom he sought out to instruct in the way of God; and the destitute, whom in



REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D. D.

personal toils he made the subjects of his ministrations, his prayers, and his beneficence.

Unweariedly occupied in official duties as well as in these offices of benevolence, he had little time, and perhaps little inclination, for mere social engagements; but in no man were the personal attributes of forbearance, gentleness, kindness, and unselfish sympathy more clearly seen and felt by his brethren in all their intercourse with him.

If, perhaps, he wanted the stern, majestic virtues of John the Baptist, or if the circumstances of his life and Ministry did not call them forth, yet the mold of his Lord's mind was ever seen in the softened majesty of unassuming quietness and brotherly love.

*Resolved*, That while we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and child and brother, we can not refrain from rejoicing with them in the assurance of the good inheritance upon which our brother hath entered.

E. T. PERKINS.

C. H. SHEILD.

J. G. MINNIGERODE.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A Memorial Service had been determined upon by the Vestry of Christ Church, the appointment and arrangement of which was left to the Assistant Bishop, he, however, being by them specially invited to deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. This Service was fixed for Sunday, January 30th, at three P. M. Representatives were present from all the Congregations of the city, and the Clergy were vested and seated in the Chancel. The Church was filled long before the hour appointed for the Service.

Beethoven's Kyrie in C was sung by the Choir. The sixth Selection of Psalms was chanted. Peter's *Deus Misereratur* was sung after the Lesson. The Anthem was a solo and chorus from Mendelssohn's XLV Psalm, "O, that I had the Wings of a Dove," and "Hear My Prayer." The Clergy assisting in the Service were the Rev. Dr. Perkins and Rev. Messrs. Benton and Minnigerode.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, D.D., Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, then delivered the



MEMORIAL SERMON.

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”—MATT. XXV, 40.

These words make a part of the Master's picture of His great assize. The Lord Jesus was speaking in the Temple at Jerusalem. It was on one of the last days of His earthly life; it was when He stood in the immediate and recognized presence of death; it was when He knew that the hour of His agony was at hand, and that He must now complete the sacrifice of Himself for our sins. After His manner He had been speaking to the people in parable and proverb, illustrating the unfamiliar and the mysterious by their analogy to the familiar and the commonplace. He had told them that the subjects of the kingdom He had come to establish must be vigilant, that their lamps must be trimmed and burning, as those of the virgins waiting for the bridal procession; that they must be diligent as the servants of the man who travelled into a far country, to whom the master had delivered his goods, for like as they must each one give account of his stewardship, even so shall every man give account of himself to the Son of God. “When the Son of Man,” He says, “shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.” Jesus Christ says that when the end is come, all men shall not receive the same judgment; that there shall be discrimination and separation; that He Himself will make it; that the principle on which it shall be made will be the personal relation to Himself; and finally, that the evidence of devotion to Him, the Son of Man, shall be devotion to His brethren, the sons of men—yes, the lowliest and the least, because they are His brethren.

This is the utterance of the Son of God, of Him Whom God declared to be His Son, with power, “in that he raised Him from the dead.” It is plain and unmistakable; it is veiled by no figure of speech; it is the revelation of the eternal principles of the divine judgment to which each and all of us must come. Ah! how in the realized presence of the anticipated solemnities of that day do the littlenesses of our ecclesiastical and theological controversies stand out in their true proportions of insignificance! How do the distinctions of our shibboleths of division become inaudible amid the thunder tones of the King. “Depart ye. Ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me.”

We are come today, men and brethren, to a solemn Service. We have borne a good man's body away, and have buried it. The spirit which did inhabit that now broken tabernacle, is gone into the Paradise. His race is run,



his battle is fought, his record is complete, and its story awaits the day when He, the Omnipotent, shall open the book and read. Therefore, I have read these magnificent words as the suggestion of that I am come to speak, for we are bidden, and we are come, "not to sorrow as those without hope" for him who is gone.

Why shall we not stand silent in despair about the new-made mound? Why may we dare think of the dead Preacher with joyful recollection of the past and eager forecast of the future? Why may we today give thanks that he lived, now that he is dead? I answer, because we have warrant to believe that he is departed in the true faith of the Holy name, and shall, therefore, have his "perfect consummation and bliss" in the "eternal and everlasting glory." Nay, let me not speak in the parable of stereotyped phrases, the words of crystallized wisdom, oftentimes meaningless from their very familiarity. We hope and are assured that it shall be well with him, because he manifested his love to Jesus Christ by his daily ministration to the poor brethren in whom Jesus did appeal.

And yet I am not come with any purpose to prove this fact to you as the warrant of your confidence of his everlasting well being; you who heard his weekly words of exhortation and warning; you before whose eyes his blameless, nay his diligent, self-denying, self-sacrificing life was lived; for such proof were an impertinence. I am come seeking to portray, if I can, the characteristics of the Man, the Churchman, the Minister and Preacher, that we may garner them as precious incentives for our life, and that so we may be helped to follow Christ as he did follow Him.

JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON came to Kentucky in December, 1846, being then just twenty-six years of age. Of his life prior to that time we know but little. He was born in Ontario County, New York, in the year 1820. We know also that he was graduated from Hobart College, Geneva, New York, and afterward from the General Theological Seminary in New York City. Of the regimen and influences of the home whence he went forth to those training-schools we know nothing, unless as has been suggested, the story told in his little book, "The Boy Trained to be a Minister," is a picture of his own boyhood; but the fruits bear witness of the tree, and the noble manhood tells what the teaching of that home must have been. Thus equipped for his life battle, after serving for a time as an Assistant Minister in one of the Churches in Rochester, N. Y., he came to be a pioneer Missionary of the Church in our then still new country, and settled in Frankfort. There for twenty-three years he labored as Minister and Teacher, part of the time as a very poor man, with no income save the meager stipend received for the performance of his duties in the Church and in the School, and part of the time as the possessor of great wealth. In 1870, on the invitation of this venerable Parish, he came to be its Associate Rector, and in the ten years, which since have passed away, he spent his all in ministering



to the people of this city; his life-powers were literally worn out in this service of love, and two months ago, I believe, he began to think that he must lessen his labours. The onset of the illness from which he never recovered did but hasten his conclusion, and compelled the action from which he had naturally shrunk; and from his death-bed, before it was recognized to be his death-bed, came to the Vestry the resignation of his charge. An answer was returned asking that he would reconsider his determination, but its request could never be made known to him, for already his mind was staggering in darkness under the fever's blinding blow. And so the end came. Nay, to complete the record of these few incidents of a life, in the world's judgment, wholly uneventful, let me not fail to add that this great Church was crowded with mourners of every class and degree to do honor to his memory, and, despite the down-pouring rain, a multitude stood by the narrow house where we laid his body down.

And is this all? Yes, these the events of his life, that good life, that great life, whose results are so manifest here on earth, whose ending makes such grievous vacancy, whose grave shall be green in the hearts of men and women all over our Commonwealth, until they, too, come where he is. The years passed by in the busy, ceaseless routine of Preaching, with tongue and with pen, from the Pulpit and the Press; in ministering the Gospel of the grace of God publicly, and from house to house; in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and comforting those that mourned. This is all.

“Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.”

What were the characteristics of the man? I answer, first of all, *diligence*. As I think of him, his most telling picture must be that of a man standing with his watch in his hand, assuring you with cordial courtesy that, now that the business he had come for was attended to, he could not tarry for even a moment of friendly chat, but must hurry away for the performance of other duty.

I think of him as rising to depart after a brief visit to one of his friends and parishoners, and, being bidden to stay because she had nothing of particular importance to do, making reply in his quiet, nervous tone of almost shyness, “Yes, madam, thank you, but I have.”

I would measure my words carefully; I would not be betrayed by the feelings natural, almost necessary, upon an occasion like this into the stereotyped exaggeration of funeral discourse, and yet I must say that I believe I never saw so diligent a man in the Ministry of Christ or in any other calling. Remember that the word “diligent” signifies primarily “loving,” and in a higher, truer sense it may be applied to him as prosecuting unceasingly the one work, doing the one thing to which he had given his life *because he loved to do it*. Remember that for the larger part of that life all possibility of at least one other and



lower motive was taken away; remember that to him mighty were the attractions of foreign travel and of literary leisure, and yet the short vacation ended, each autumn found him returned to his work—to the loved work of preaching the Gospel to the poor, of healing the broken-hearted, of preaching deliverance to the captive and recovering of sight to the blind. It is said that for each day he made regular programme, with the work to be done divided among the working hours. I know not if this be true, but I do know that one duty seemed ever to trample upon the feet of that which went before, hasting to make way for those crowding behind. From the Study to the Church, from the Church to the Hospital or the Prison-house of sickness or sorrow, this the round, not one day, but all days. Verily, he was not slothful in the business God had given him to do.

But, secondly, I am led to remark upon his *persistency* in carrying out whatever he had taken in hand. He was tenacious of his purpose, and with difficulty shaken from its completion by any influence. As I rode from his late residence to this Church upon the occasion of his burial, I was accompanied by the oldest of the Vestrymen of Ascension Church, Frankfort, who had come with his Rector to do honor to the memory of his old friend and Pastor. Naturally we talked together of the incidents of the career just ended, and of the characteristics of the marked individuality of him whose body we were to bury, and my companion told me that the day after Dr. NORTON had sent his resignation of the Rectorship of the Church in Frankfort he called upon him, hoping to be able to adduce some arguments that might avail to change his determination. Entering the Study, he was greeted with the words, "I know what you have come for. It's of no use. I am going." So it was in all his long life. Mature and prayerful deliberation was the preparation for decision, but that decision made, it was with great difficulty shaken.

I remember when I came to the Diocese that one of the first matters demanding my attention was the proposed Ordination of a Candidate for the Ministry, who had become such under his auspices and advice. I remember how hardly the consent of the Standing Committee was given, and was told that for a long time he had labored to persuade that consent. Until the very last the friends of the Candidate feared the necessary passport to Ordination would not be given; it came only through the patient persistency of Dr. NORTON, and the Church in this Diocese today has through this means the services of a faithful, devoted Clergyman.

I do not say that such result has always followed, or was likely always to follow the success of his persistent efforts. That would demand the rare gift of a perspicacity of judgment equal to the tenacity of purpose. But surely one mighty element in the accomplishment of his work was this, his incapacity to abandon the pursuit of an end once set plainly in view.

The third characteristic I would note as a striking feature in the moral coun-



tenance of our friend, was his *sympathy with men as men*. Not wealth, not social position, not refinement, not learning, but manhood was what appealed with success to his Christian nature. It was to benefit and to bless *men* that he was diligent; the elevation, the enlightening, the comforting, the saving of *men* was the one end and aim of his life, which no difficulty and no enticement could make him cease to strive for.

I have reserved as an example of his wide-reaching sympathy for men as men, a work which in its conduct has shown almost equally the persistency of his purposes for good, and of his adherence to his own ideas of their accomplishment, and which must ever be a memorial of his true Christian spirit. I allude to his erection, entirely at his own expense, of the Church of the Merciful Saviour, for colored people, with School-house adjoining, and to his maintaining that Church and School at his own expense to the very day of his death. I do not know whether or not there has been exaggeration of the feeling on this particular subject among our people at the time this work was begun, and of the consequent cost of undertaking it, but I do know that he alone of us all has done any thing to give the Church to this large class of our fellow-citizens, and that I for one, feel ashamed and afraid at the recollection of our failure. I for one, thank God that amid our universal neglect of this numerous people so needing the sober simplicity, the quiet conservatism, the elevating and refining influences of this Church's system, one man did testify, by his words and his gifts, to the reality that we say we believe, that Jesus died for all men, and that His Church is Catholic, open to all and fitted to all.

And this leads me to the remark that perhaps I should have made in the beginning, that *faith* in the living Christ, the crucified, risen, and ascended Christ, was the very substance of his character. Because he was faithful, he was diligent, remembering that the night soon cometh when no man can work; because he believed that the work of Jesus Christ has reference to all the sons of men; that for the pauper and the outcast there is hope and deliverance in Him, therefore, he would, under no influence or temptation, let go his purpose to bring such within the Household of Faith. Because the Son of God took upon Him our flesh, and thereby consecrated humanity, therefore, to him humanity in its essence and not in its accidental surroundings was the magnet of attraction. Yes, men and women, I believe that underneath all the peculiarities of thought and speech, and of method of action, which certainly were as marked in him as in any other man, was the living realization of the living Christ, constraining to sympathetic diligence and constancy, and perhaps giving the peculiarity to many modes of his procedure which have seemed strangest and most ill-judged to the lookers-on.

I remember once to have entered a street-car on Sunday morning to be carried to a distant Church where I was to officiate. There I found him seated, or, rather, on my entrance, returning to his seat from the fare-box, into which



he had already dropped my fare. He began to talk to me of the last volume of sermons he had published—"The King's Ferry Boat"—which contains, as you know, sermons preached to children in this Church, which are characterized by the fullest use of his own method of odd and amusing illustrations. He knew that this, his style of preaching, had been much criticised, and after speaking for a little while of the criticisms which had come to his ear, he added, "Ah, well, I am quite content to be considered a fool for Christ's sake."

The words I have never forgotten, for I believe them true. I believe that the constraining power of the man's life and that which, as I have said, gave the very *form* to his thought, and his words, and his actions, was the love of Jesus Christ.

Such, as he appeared to me, were the moral characteristics of this good man who, small in stature, distinguished by not the least portion of Clerical attire, with kindly benevolent face, moved quietly but with nervous quickness and shyness for so many years in this community. His eyes as well as his gait betokened this nervous shyness of his nature, for they moved restlessly from one object to another, except they were, as was his frequent habit, curtailed from the light by a book or paper held in his hand; and his words in conversation were exponents of the same disposition, like timid messengers hurrying out for a parley with an enemy, and then hastily retreating into the familiar safety of silence. Affable to all, with kindly greeting to every body, with sympathetic power and willingness to adapt himself to the condition of those he met, and to condescend to the lowest estate of mind or body without the least appearance of such descent—and yet familiar with none. Not genial, no, for as I understand it that word signifies the love of the companionship of one's kind, and no entreaty could avail to keep him long in the merely social gathering. I have wondered sometimes, was this indisposition natural? Was it not rather the consuming diligence which like sharp spur ever urged to the prosecution of other and new works for the blessing of man, that so there was no time for the merely social pleasure? Had the affection for his work expelled the natural affection for the companionship of men, that he could not seek their society save as the Minister to bring his brethren counsel or comfort or warning?

As a Churchman, if the division be made by the only real test, namely, the doctrine held concerning the validity of non-Episcopal orders, he must clearly be classed with those who are called High-Churchmen, for he most certainly held and taught the divine origin, and the universal obligation of the Apostolic Succession of the Episcopate. And yet let us remember for our learning how he said in the Sermon which he preached in St. Paul's Church in this city, at the opening of our Diocesan Council in 1877 "that the member of an old and well-established family did not feel called upon to be ever proclaiming his pedigree," for these words set forth his view and his habit with reference to those without our Communion. His love for the Church was intense, and yet, despite



its intensity, not narrow. Born and bred in this Church of his ancestors, he simply took for granted the appreciation of its excellences in the minds and hearts of those to whom he spoke, and while scrupulously careful to give to himself and to his people the help to be derived from fullest regard to the Church's appointed system, yet he never gave way to mere eulogy of that system, and still less to denunciation of those who did not conform to its requirements. As is well said in a notice of him published in "*The Living Church*," "For sectism he had no sympathy, but he loved sectarians, and was ever trying with all his might to bring them into the one true fold of the Living God."

More than this—as a true son of this household of faith, he walked in the freedom of conscious sonship, and not in the slavery of a bondage to the minutest letter of requirement. He had not a "morbidly rubrical conscience," but ever acted on the principle that, as has been said, "*The Prayer Book was made for man, and not man for the Prayer Book*," even to an extent that was an offense to some of his brethren holding much lower views of Church authority than he did.

But perhaps of all the men whom I have known in the Church's Ministry, he held the highest view of the efficacy of Sacrament and Ordinance. His diligence to bring men to Christ, his pertinacious refusal to cease his effort until the result was accomplished, found rest and satisfaction in the day of their Baptism or Confirmation. Though thereafter he followed them with prayer and thought and word of exhortation and warning, yet in the act of confession he found abounding comfort. And while I do not remember to have ever talked with him specifically upon this topic, I have ever been inclined to believe that this loftiest conception of the sacramental blessing was perhaps based upon his felt necessity for such miraculous aid to the ignorance and the mental incapacity, the degradation and wretchedness, to which he so persistently ministered the Gospel of the grace of God.

To speak of him as the Minister of Jesus Christ, is necessarily but to repeat what has been said of him as a man, for as truly as said St. Paul, did he say with the voice of his every faculty and power, "Let a man so account of us as of the Ministers of Christ." He was essentially a Minister, and "he preached not himself but Christ Jesus the Lord," and himself the servant of men "for Jesus' sake."

Diligent, persistent, sympathetic, such was his service. But I can not refrain from the mention here of that manifestation of his sympathy for the poor, which was altogether peculiar to him, and was possible to him because of the condition of affluence in which he was placed. I mention it because so much fault has been found with it, and because I believe that in this as in all the other peculiarities of his Ministry, he was governed by the principle of faith in Jesus Christ, and the endeavor to walk even as He walked. I allude of course, you will understand, to his large gifts of money to the needy attendants



upon this Church at each weekly occasion of Service. He believed that he was the steward of God, to dispense faithfully the wealth which God had given him. Ah, would God that more were like him in this belief! He believed that the Lord Jesus ever relieved bodily pain and want before He undertook to give the satisfying truth to the suffering hungry soul. He believed that the relief which ought to be given, and was to be given by him, had best be given in the Church after the Service was ended, as thereby attendance upon the means of grace was encouraged and measurably secured—therefore he did as he did.

Certainly he was often imposed upon; I think he recognized, as others did, the dangers and the necessary evils attending this form of alms-giving; but in his best judgment he esteemed it under all circumstances best. My brethren, though our judgment may condemn the mode, may call it foolish and wasteful expenditure, let us not fail to admire the Christ-like spirit which prompted the beneficence; let us not fail to give thanks that our brother, under the constraining influence of grace, was willing to be thus called a fool for Christ's sake. Often deceived doubtless he was; and yet not always. And the record is written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It remains that I speak very briefly of the characteristics of our departed friend as a Preacher, of his peculiarities in the performance of that duty which, perhaps, he loved best to do. Yes, I say, loved best to do; for while he attributed as I have said, in the judgment of almost all his brethren, an undue efficacy to the Sacraments of divine appointment and to the Ordinances of Apostolic origin and of Ecclesiastical sanction, yet no man more than he magnified his office as a Preacher of the Gospel. Perhaps very much the larger part of his busy life was spent in the preparation of Sermons, and of books of biography and of fiction, designed to preach the same everlasting story; and you will have noticed doubtless, that his labor in the Church's public religious Service was confined always, when it was possible, to the delivery of the Sermon. The little bodily strength which for twenty years past was his portion, must, he thought and said, all be reserved for the performance of this high function of the ordained Priest, while the reading of the prescribed Service might be delegated to the Layman. And that he might preach, he studied, and the character of the books he read is fullest indication of his conception of Preaching; that it was to bring the truth as it is in Jesus to the minds and hearts of the busy, bustling men of the world; to the just as busy managers of fashionable society; to the care-worn mothers; to the jaded toilers and moilers; to the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to whom in general there is nor time nor disposition, if there be capacity, to read or to think of the eternal realities of life and death. He felt himself sent not to the cultured and the thoughtful, but to the ignorant and the thoughtless; and his labor was to sharpen his



words that they might penetrate dullness, might awaken indifference, might interest ordinary intelligence, and so might lodge as reminder and blessing in minds from which the most argumentative discourse, the most subtle speculation, the most systematic statement of doctrine would glance with no sign left behind save angry recollection of the tedious delay of the longed-for emancipation. Hence his study was of books of incident, real or imagined, that incidents enfolding truth might be brought in number and variety to his work of preaching. No religious biography of value, published in our lifetime, is wanting upon his shelves, and the cases are crowded with the works of the great masters, ancient and modern, who in fiction delineate the workings of the human spirit. A great mass of Newspapers, especially those of a religious character, burdened the bag of the postman who came to his door, and from their columns came the new, fresh stories which week after week, were the framing of the truths he would exhibit from this place.

Let me not forget to add that the papers read, each and every one of them went as messengers, directed by his own hand, to some distant household, often far beyond the boundaries of our Commonwealth, to convey the tidings that the old Pastor had not forgotten those to whom he once ministered, and to urge that they be faithful to the vows once spoken.

Such being the preparation for his preaching, what was its style and its characteristics? I answer first, *brevity*. How often have I been amazed to hear the peculiar modulation of voice that announced conclusion, and to see him turn away from the desk, when I thought he had hardly reached the climax of the discussion he had begun. But he preached for those especially unaccustomed to long continued exercise of thought, who therefore are quickly wearied, and to weary he thought, as all men must think, is to obliterate impressions already made.

Secondly, his sermons were marked by exceeding *plainness of speech*. He would have them, without fail, to be in a "language understood of the people"—all the people, even the most unlearned and ignorant, and therefore he used words and expressions which of necessity, grated harshly upon the nicer taste of some of his auditors. Because, as he said, the slang phrase of the day is so sharply pointed that it must find its way into the heart, therefore he would use it, and if the cultivated auditor despised his rhetoric, he was content to be considered a fool for Christ's sake.

Again, I note *directness* as the special excellence of his style, as in my judgment, it is the highest excellence to be sought after, the hardest to be attained by the Preacher of the Gospel. The homely diction, the frequent anecdote, were but the vehicle of most direct approach, and therefore were employed. He talked to men face to face; he talked to them of their sins and of their danger, of their duties and of their failings; of the remedy offered for their sins, and of their responsibility.



And through all, and in all, he said, was manifested the tender sympathy of a heart that loved *men*, and would bring them by any and all means to the knowledge of the Son of God.

Let me illustrate by a single example my idea of his preaching. It will accomplish it more perfectly than all my attempted analysis. When I had been Bishop but a few months, I was called upon to ordain to the Diaconate the gentleman in whose entrance to the Ministry, Dr. Norton, as I have said, had shown such unflagging interest. Naturally I invited him to be the Preacher of the Sermon necessary on the occasion of the Ordination. It was very short; it was very plain; it was very direct; it was very tender. Its conclusion was in these words—I can never forget them, “My brother,” he said, addressing the Candidate, “Legh Richmond says that when the Dairyman’s daughter was lying on her death-bed he came to see her, and taking her hand, asked her if she were afraid to die. ‘No, sir,’ she replied. ‘Why are you not afraid to die?’ he asked. ‘Because of the Gospel that is come into the world,’ was her reply. ‘Who brought the Gospel to the world?’ ‘*You brought it to me, sir.*’ Ah! my brother,” said the Preacher, “labor that you may have such reward as that.”

I have done. Brother Clergymen, we, it may be, did not agree with some of his views, theological or ecclesiastical; we did not, it may be, approve some of his methods of administration; yet let us give thanks for the good example of this man, who was in very deed servant of all for Jesus’ sake, and let us strive in our life, though it must be on other lines of labor and by other modes of thought and of action, to manifest the spirit of Christ which he manifested.

Christian Churchmen, you to whom for so many years he spoke the Word in all simplicity and with all boldness, see that ye forget not the lesson he taught by his word and by his life, “I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.” Realize that

“’Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief  
And sin is here;  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear,  
We have no time to sport away the hours—  
All must be earnest in a world like ours,”

for the hour cometh in which all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth to stand before Him. And to those on His right hand the King shall answer and say, “Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

A hymn was sung, Collects offered, and the Benediction of Peace pronounced.



REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RT. REV. T. U. DUDLEY, D.D.:

*Dear Sir*—I am directed by the Vestry of Christ Church to convey to you their appreciation of your very faithful discharge of the service asked at your hands in memory of our late Associate Rector, and to request, for publication, a copy of your Sermon on that occasion.

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. BARRET,  
*Secretary of the Vestry.*

LOUISVILLE, *February 1, 1881.*

HENRY W. BARRET, ESQ., *Secretary of the Vestry of Christ Church, Louisville, Ky.:*

*My Dear Sir*—I have received your favor of the 1st inst., in which you convey to me the expression of the kind appreciation of the Vestry of Christ Church of the Sermon I preached at their request in memory of the late Dr. NORTON.

I am pleased that my effort to portray the character of the good man whom we have lost is adjudged to have been successful, by those best qualified to form a judgment.

If they think that the publication of the Sermon will do good, I am of course thankfully willing that it be published, and I herewith send you the copy for which you ask.

Very truly yours,

T. U. DUDLEY.

LOUISVILLE, *February 3, 1881.*

Memorandum from the proceedings of the Vestry of Christ Church,  
Monday evening, February 7, 1881.

Through the Secretary a communication was presented from Bishop Dudley responding to the Vestry's request for a copy of his Memorial Sermon of the late Dr. NORTON, preached in this Church Sunday afternoon, January 30th.

The Chair appointed S. B. Churchill, W. C. Hite, and John B. Bangs a committee to prepare and publish, in such form as they may think suitable, the Sermon and such other proceedings relating to the death of Dr. NORTON as in their judgment may seem right and proper.

COL. S. B. CHURCHILL, Chairman:

*Dear Sir*—In pursuance of above proceedings of the Vestry, I beg to hand you herewith a copy of the correspondence between Bishop Dudley and myself on the subject referred to, and also the copy of the Sermon.

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. BARRET,  
*Secretary of the Vestry.*

LOUISVILLE, *February 9, 1881.*



REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

At a called meeting of the Vestry of St. Paul's Church the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

This Vestry has convened to testify our profound sorrow at the death of the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D., Associate Rector of Christ Church, in this city.

We are deeply sensible that the Parish of which he was Associate Rector, the Diocese to which he has been so long attached, and the Church at large, has sustained a great loss in the death of this good man and faithful Minister of Christ; and we claim the privilege to mingle and express our sympathies with those of the Parish to which he was immediately attached.

He was firm in his convictions of truth, but singularly averse to controversy. The burden of his life was a labor of love. To say that he was earnest and faithful in the discharge of duty does not fill the measure of our estimate of his lovely character. The Christian graces displayed in his daily life, the constraining love of Christ, by which he was actuated in all his intercourse with his fellow-men, were his distinguishing traits. Of him we are permitted to say he was a living epistle of the Gospel of Christ. Modest and retiring in his nature, never self-asserting in his demeanor, ever regardful of the feelings of others, his life was dedicated to the Master's work. In his life, precept and example were harmoniously blended.

No man was more constantly engaged in deeds of charity. His efforts to reclaim the lost, to relieve the wants of the suffering and neglected, and to distribute the Bread of Life to the ignorant and the famishing, was the work to which he was devoted, and which to the end of his life he faithfully discharged.

We trust and believe he has entered upon his reward.

We desire that this testimonial in memory of our deceased brother shall be entered as a permanent record upon the Minutes of this Parish.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this Memorial be presented to his bereaved family, with assurances of our heartfelt sympathy in the loss which they have sustained in the death of the husband and the father.

Also, that a copy be transmitted to the Rector and Vestry of Christ Church, and that we will attend his funeral in a body.

WILLIAM H. BYERS,  
*Secretary pro tem.*

LOUISVILLE, *January 19, 1881.*

At a called meeting of the Vestry of Ascension Church at Frankfort, Ky., to pay proper respect to the memory of their former Pastor, Rev.



JOHN N. NORTON, Grant Green, Esq., read the following preamble and resolutions, and on motion of Gen. D. W. Lindsey, they were unanimously adopted :

While the Congregation of Ascension Church is now mourning the death of its life-long friend and former most beloved Pastor, the REV. JOHN N. NORTON, it is fitting that we, the Vestry of this Church, should give expression to our profound sorrow for the great calamity that has fallen on the Church, on society at large, and on his beloved family. In the light of a benefactor to his fellow-man, as the unfaltering friend of the poor and distressed, as the ready comforter of the aged, the sick, and the helpless, there is perhaps no other man in the entire Diocese whose death could have caused so universal regret or widespread sorrow. In many respects Mr. NORTON was a remarkable man. Of even, steady, well-balanced mental endowments, no event could cast its shadow across the luster of his perfect life, so clad in the armor of faith that in the hour of trial no dark doubt, no vague foreboding, could obscure the perfect light derived from prayer. Always spurning the false for the real, rejecting the perishable for the everlasting, he made no compromise between the pleasures of this life and the eternal bliss that was to come. Many years of his valuable life were interwoven with the history of Ascension Church, where through his ministrations a large congregation was built up; and on taking his departure, he not only left behind the impress of a master spirit, but the example of a pure model. From here he was called as Associate Rector of Christ Church at Louisville, where "the daily beauty of his life," his active yet simple and unobtrusive virtues won rapidly on the affections and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. In so large a field of usefulness he was constantly employed, and he went forth into the highways and thoroughfares of life, wherever good was to be accomplished, whether to minister to the sick and dying, to relieve the poor, or to comfort the downhearted, there were found the traces of his footsteps, and there the light of his presence had been diffused. As his prayer had ascended from the bedside of sickness, that the sufferer might bear his afflictions patiently, so he bore his own in the supreme hour of death without murmur or complaint; indeed his agonies were so great and so heroically sustained, one almost feared to pity him lest they wronged a fortitude so majestic. Over forehead, lips, and eyes there always breathed a prevailing character of gentleness, a calm, a serenity evidently caught from the peaceful heart within. His sermons, many of which have appeared in book form, are models of English purity, and have had a wide circulation. They are in style a type of their author—simple, earnest, impressive, and thoroughly practical. Now, profoundly impressed with the overshadowing calamity that has overtaken this Diocese, we, the Vestry of Ascension Church have,



REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D.

*Resolved*, That in the death of our lamented friend and former Pastor, the Rev. J. N. NORTON, we can only bow to one of those inscrutable decrees, the wisdom of which it is not given us to comprehend. That when taken from the field of his usefulness, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America lost one of its most distinguished and enlightened Ministers, the Diocese of Kentucky one of its brightest jewels, the poor "a friend who never deceived hope or deserted sorrow;" and his family a husband and father around whose affectionate heart entwines every domestic virtue, and in whose soul they were more dearly enshrined than all other objects here below.

*Resolved*, That we offer them our heartfelt sympathies in this hour of their bereavement, and our sincere wish that they take comfort in the hope of reuniting with him in that "eternal abode" which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive."

*Resolved*, That the papers of this city and also the papers of Louisville be requested to publish these resolutions, and that the Secretary be directed to furnish a copy to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be sent to the Vestry of Christ Church, Louisville, Kentucky.

EDWIN A. PENICK,  
*Chairman.*

JAMES W. HEFFNER,  
*Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Board of Diocesan Missions held February 3, 1881, the following minute was adopted unanimously:

God in His wise providence having taken to Himself the Rev. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D., late Associate Rector of Christ Church and a member of the Board of Diocesan Missions, we desire to place on record our estimate of his character.

Faithful in his high trust as a Minister, diligent in every duty, benevolent in his deeds, zealous for the extension of the Church, and deeply interested in the missionary work of this Diocese, he has been called by his Master into the higher service, leaving behind him a memory fragrant of work well done. We who knew him so well and valued him so highly mourn his loss.

That the Secretary of this Board be instructed to convey this their action to Mrs. Norton, with the assurance of the sympathies of the members of this body in her deep affliction, and their prayers that "God will comfort her with a sense of His goodness, lift up His countenance upon her, and give her peace."

That this minute be placed on the record.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary of Kentucky, held February 4, 1881, the death of the Rev. J. N. NORTON,



D.D., formerly a member of the Board, was announced by the Rev. Dr. Perkins, and the following resolutions were presented by him, and unanimously adopted and ordered to be recorded in the minutes of the Board.

We, the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Kentucky, with a deep sense of our loss in the death of our brother the Rev. Dr. NORTON, and desiring to have our declaration of that loss and our high appreciation of the character and service of our brother and colaborer recorded in our minutes and transmitted to his bereaved family, do hereby declare that for the many long years of his service in this Board Dr. JOHN N. NORTON was faithful in the discharge of every duty, prompt to the minute in attending every meeting, and a wise and helpful counselor.

It is with supreme thankfulness that we express our conviction that he was continually "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith," and so was adorned with the graces of Christian character, "above all things putting on charity the bond of perfectness," which taught him not to "look on his own only, but on the things of others;" which grace manifested itself in his constant and tender compassion for the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor, as well as in his considerate regard for the comfort and welfare of those with whom he was more intimately associated.

God does not readily allow His servants to die, but watches over them as a rare thing which He values and protects. "Concerning them that are asleep, therefore, we will sorrow not as others who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him: wherefore let us comfort one another with these words."

*Resolved*, That this sense of our sincere appreciation and conviction be entered upon our minutes, and transmitted to Mrs. Norton with assurance of our deepest sympathy.

CHARLES H. PETTET,  
*Secretary.*

On Sunday, January 23d (third Sunday after Epiphany), the Rev. E. A. Penick, Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, delivered a Memorial Sermon, from which we make selections. After speaking in words of great earnestness of the loss of so good a man, he said:

For twenty-three years he was the laborious and faithful Rector of this Parish. Of his earlier life we have had time and opportunity of gathering but little. I am told that it was the intention of our departed friend and brother, in the first budding of his noble manhood, to spend his life at sea, but was deterred from doing so by the grief and flowing tears of an affec-



tionate mother. He was ordained by Bishop De Lancy, in 1844, in the Diocese of Western New York, where he remained for two years as Assistant Rector of a Church in Rochester. From Rochester he came to Frankfort, and entered upon the work here December 6, 1846. He was then a young man of about twenty-six years of age. You, perhaps the older of you, I am sure, know better than I do the condition of the Church here at the time of the young Minister's arrival. He told me himself, if I remember correctly, that when he came among you there were not more than two dozen members, and these very much disheartened and scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. But JOHN N. NORTON was not the man to be discouraged or to despise the day of small things. Penetrating the future, as it were, with his bright eye of faith, he seemed to realize that a great door, and effectual, was opened unto him in this modern Corinth, and he went to work with heart, hand, and brain to bring about a manifestation of that which he seemed to have realized. God blessed the words of his faithful servant, answered his prayers, and crowned his efforts with so much success that it became necessary in the fourth year of his pastorate to begin the erection of a larger Church edifice in order to accommodate the rapidly-increasing congregation. The corner-stone upon which it was to be reared was laid by Bishop Smith, August 8, 1850, and the building having been completed, was consecrated by him August 12, 1852. The congregation, under the faithful administration of our lamented brother, continued to increase year after year, until at length it grew to such a size that he and his Bishop thought it advisable to enlarge the Church, which resulted in the spacious and handsome building in which we worship today.

During his pastorate here from December 6, 1846, to August 1, 1870, Dr. NORTON baptized twenty-one hundred and fifty-two infants and adults; he prepared and presented for confirmation nine hundred and eight candidates; he married one hundred and fifty-eight couples, and buried four hundred and thirty-two persons. But brethren, these figures give you but a faint conception of the magnitude of the man's work while he went in and out among you during the long years of his ministry here. There is no earthly record of one fiftieth part of the work which JOHN N. NORTON did in this city, but it is recorded in the Paradise of God, whither his pure spirit has gone to rest. The thousands of visits that he made to the bedsides of the sick and dying, and the earnest prayers which he offered in their behalf, are entered upon no church register, but they are entered upon the pages of that Book in which the great scribe of Heaven recordeth the deeds of men. His manner and style of presenting the truth was different from that of most preachers. Following the example of his Master, he dealt largely in illustrations, for the applying of which he seems to have possessed no ordinary gift. He says, in the preface of the last volume of Sermons he published, which was just a few months before his death, that "in sending forth this sixth volume of



plain Sermons, the author congratulates himself in belonging to the class of Preachers who, by their communication in a humble and low way, have instructed and helped more men on their heavenly journey than the Preachers famous for their profound thought and eloquence of style." "And," continues he, the "writer rejoices that he has not reached the high standard of the metropolitan pulpit, since the very purpose for which his publications are designed would thus have been most effectually defeated." That Dr. NORTON possessed a well-furnished mind, no one who was ever in conversation with him for a few moments would doubt. There was no abode of poverty or misery or sorrow to which he did not bend his willing steps. It has been my privilege of late to devote much time in going in and out among the more poverty-stricken class in our midst. But brethren, I have yet to enter the first haunt of poverty or hovel of despair in this city into which my great predecessor has not gone before me. And what is more remarkable still, is the fact that although his broad field in Louisville, which he has cultivated for the last eleven years with so much care and success, would seem to all human judgment to have occupied every moment of his precious time, he did yet up to the week that he was stricken down, remember with affection the members of his old Parish, and administer to the wants of the poorer of them from his own private purse. There were few mails that came from our neighboring city to the postoffice of Frankfort that did not bring in them some token of remembrance to some member of this Parish from its dear old faithful Rector.

I know that the dictates of natural reason and the promptings of our own hearts, sad with bereavement, are wont to murmur and say that his summons came too soon. But not so, dear brethren, it came at the right time. Life is not to be measured by the days and months one survives, but by that which he accomplishes

It is not mere animal existence extended through a given period that makes life, but the thoughts we think, the emotion we feel, and the work we accomplish. Measured by this standard, surely the life of our dear brother was a long one, and he needed that rest upon which he has triumphantly entered.

The Kentucky Church Chronicle contained in its February number the following just and loving tribute:

Dr. NORTON was a man of very strong mind and pure heart. He lived for duty, not for self. Though of a retiring disposition, few men were ever better known or more honored than he. He was a man of weak constitution, but of a mighty will and indefatigable in labors. He was the author of many volumes of books adapted to the great end for which he lived. His published sermons are contained in seven volumes, which have been extensively used by



lay readers and families in the destitute places of this country, and have been highly recommended for this use by the Bishops and Clergy. In 1872 he published a sprightly and entertaining volume entitled *Sketches, Literary and Theological*, and shortly afterward two volumes of sermons to children. His sermons have brought many into the Church.

Dr. NORTON was always ready to preach, and often preached three times on Sundays and on other days in the week. If he ever failed to keep an engagement it was because of some providential hindrance. He was systematic in his work and punctual to the minute, and in consequence was able to do an almost incredible amount of labor. He was a great reader. He mastered the new and valuable books relating to his profession, and kept up with the literature of the day. His preaching was pointed and brief. He used few words, and those so plain that none could misunderstand his meaning or grow weary of his sermons. His hearers grew more in love with him, and desired to hear him again. I have heard him for many years, and never known him to repeat a sermon, so extensive were his resources and so diligent his labors.

Dr. NORTON was often elected to fill the most honorable offices of the Diocese. He has been on the Standing Committee, and for nine years was a Deputy to the General Convention. He never sought for positions of honor, because his mind was fully absorbed in his ministerial work.

I come now to speak more particularly of the graces that adorned this most extraordinary man. First I place on record his meekness. Knowing him for thirty years I never knew him to utter a rash or angry word. Meekness is a rare grace in men of strong will. He carried his cross daily in a life of self-sacrifice until the cross became to him a second nature. His life was a day dream of visions of poverty to be relieved, of sinners to be converted, and back-sliders to be reclaimed. He so loved the poor in their poverty that their moral failings were no barrier to his kindness. Any man, however poor in this world's goods, might approach him without ceremony and find a friend. No labor was too hard, no sacrifice too great that he might serve his Master and brethren in Christ. Duties and labors in regular course occupied his whole time. For these he relinquished to a great extent social pleasures, and was seldom if ever at sumptuous entertainments. He was happy at home with his family, and loved to teach his daughter how to live and be happy. He kept up an extensive correspondence and continued his pastoral care over many who had migrated to new countries. To these he sent tracts and papers and books, accompanied by letters of good advice. His letters were as brief and pointed as his sermons. Whoever once gained his friendship never lost it, except for deserting his Master, Christ. He devoted largely of his wealth to charity. The poor of Louisville have lost in him a benefactor never before equaled. In all his charitable works his dear wife was a liberal, zealous, unostentatious helper. They were both of one mind in the work. His labors had



*REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D.D.*

for a long time been too great for his strength, but whether strong or weak he felt he must do what he had undertaken. Sunday, January the 9th he preached twice, and made a memoranda in his little book of visitations to the sick to be made next day. He went home from Church that Sunday night sick with the disease of which he died. He felt that his ministry might be near its close, and after dictating and signing letters of apology for duties he could not perform he resigned himself to the will of the Lord.

His funeral was as notable as his life. The day was stormy, but the Church was crowded with men and women of every color, age, and condition. The Rabbi and Israelite, the Nothingarian and members of every denomination were there, and all met with one purpose, to honor the memory of the man who had consecrated himself and all he had a loving sacrifice to Christ.

No address was made, for it was felt that words could not add to the beauty of the burial service, nor adequately express the appreciation in which all held the man who lived for God and walked with Him.

W. C.



REV. JOHN NICHOLAS NORTON, D. D.

IN MEMORIAM.

The birds that once so gaily sang  
Till earth with joyous echoes rang,  
Now seem to trill a sad refrain,  
Which says, "He n'er will come again,"  
And hopes, like flowers, once sweet and bright  
Lie crushed and scentless, out of sight.

Now joyless, cheerless dawns the day,  
Wearily pass the hours away.  
With sadden'd aspect night draws nigh,  
And winds in mournful cadence sigh,  
While stars that shone so pure and clear  
Are hidden now by many a tear.

Ah yes, sad earth, bow low thy head,  
And weep in silence o'er thy dead!  
O'er him who brighten'd for a while  
With tender word and loving smile  
Thy darkest nooks, and to thy poor  
Was as a refuge ever sure.

With helping hand and Christ-like love  
He taught sad hearts to look above,  
And struggling thro' this night of gloom  
To look beyond the dreary tomb—  
Beyond their wretched lives of woe,  
To where "the living waters flow."

Full many a home once cheerless, bare,  
Grew lovely 'neath his tender care;  
Full many a bloom his plantings bore,  
Where nought but weeds had sprung before;  
Full many a soil once hard and sere  
Was softened by his kindly tear.

And fallen ones! poor, lone, heart-broken,  
To whom no pitying word was spoken  
Till *he* drew near to give new hope  
And bid the "fainting soul look up,"  
And grateful eyes with age grown dim  
Have bent their last fond look on him.

Philosophers have lived their day,  
Great poets, statesmen, passed away;  
And written on the scroll of fame  
Each one essayed to leave his name;  
But far above this toil and strife  
*His* name is in the book of life.

GOLDSBOROUGH.







